Hell. Haile Madam, and my Queene.

Tha. I know you not.

Per. You haue heard me say when I did flye from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient substitute; can you remember what I cald the man, I haue namde him oft.

Tha. Twas *Helicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him deare Thaisa, this is hee, now do I long to heare how you were found? how possibly preserued? and who to thanke (besides the Gods) for this great miracle?

Tha. Lord *Cerimon* my Lord, this man through whom the Gods shewne their power that can from first to last resolue you.

Per. Reuerent Sir the Gods can haue no mortall officer more like a God then you, will you deliuer how his dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first goe with me vnto my house, where shall be shewne you all was found with her, how she came plac'st heere in the temple, no needfull thing ommitted

Per. Puer Dian blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee; Thaisa this Prince, the faire bethrothed of your daughter, shall marry her at Pentapolis, and now this ornament that makes me looke dismall, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeares no razor touch to grace thy marriage day, Ile beautifie.

Tha. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit, Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heauens make a star of him, yet there my Queene, weele celebrate their Nuptiall, and our selues will in that Kingdome spend our following dayes; our sonn and daughter shall in *Tyrus*

Lord *Cerimon*, we do our longing stay,
To heare the rest vntolde, Sir, leads the way.

Exunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter, you haue heard
Of monstrous lust, the due and Iust reward:

In

Pericles, his Queene and daughter seene,
Though assaylde with Fortune fierce and keene
Vertue preserd from fell destructions blast,
Led on by heauen, and crownd with ioy at last.
In *Helicanus* may you well descry,
A figure of truth, of faith of loyalty:
In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charity aye weares
For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, the honord name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Citty turne,
That him and his, they in his Pallace burne:
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience euermore attending,
New ioy waite on you heere our play hath ending

FINIS

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